

A *J. 3. 10.*
S E R M O N

Preach'd at the *H A G U E*,

At the F U N E R A L of the Late

Prince of Orange.

(Father to his present M A J E S T Y
King *WILLIAM III.*)

Who died in the Year 1650.

Wherein the Life and Actions of his present
Majesty are Prophetically foretold.

By the Learned Mr. *M O R U S.*

Translated out of French by *Daniel la Fite*, M. A.
Rector of *Woolavington* in *Sussex.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. D.* for *Roger Clavel*, at the Peacock in
Fleetstreet. MDCXCIV.



 ISAIAH XL. 6, 7, 8.

The Voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All Flesh is Grass, and all the Glory thereof is as the Flower of the Field. The Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: Surely the People is Grass. The Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand for ever.

THE Heavens declare the Glory of God, saith the Prophet; and though they have neither Speech nor Language, yet for all that is their Voice heard: They speak not to him that listens, but to him that views them, and entertain him much to this purpose; Consider well our Beauty and Lustre, the Vastness of our Bodies, the unerring Stedfastness of our Motions, and the Universality of our Influences: We have not fram'd our selves, we are the Effects of the First Cause, the Productions of a Wise and Omnipotent God. What the Prophet asserts of the Heavens, the same we may say of the Dead, and that in a more emphatical and significant manner; They declare the Glory of God, and the Emptiness and Vanity of Man; there is no Speech nor Language with them, no nor Motion neither, as there is in the Heavenly Bodies, yet is their Speech heard; and if we hear
 them

them not, 'tis not because they don't speak, but because we do not hearken: They speak, they preach, they cry with a Voice intelligible enough, (even with the dumb Language of their loud and instructive Silence) Behold and see to what we are come, and whither you are going; God, who by his Almighty Word spoke us out of the Dust by withdrawing his Breath, hath return'd us thither again. But above all the Great Dead speak loudest, and with a most distinguishing Tone, with a Voice like to that of many Waters, with a Voice that breaks the Cedars of *Lebanon*.

Solomon, in his Life-time, was both a King and a Preacher; he made a Pulpit of his Throne, and gave himself the Name of *Ecclesiastes*, that is to say, a Preacher. But if *Solomon* was a Preacher when alive, all Kings and Princes become such when they die: they preach to all the World, and the very same thing that he, the wisest of Men, and happiest of Kings, had preached before them; *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity!* which is no other than what is here proclaimed by the Prophet *Isaiah*; I might as well have said Prince *Isaiah*, for he was indeed a Prince of the Blood Royal, and yet died as well as the Prophet *Amos*, who, as St. *Jerome* observes, was a Cow-herd; so that dying as well as living he cried, *All Flesh is Grass, and all the Glory thereof is as the Flower of the Field*. But alas! why is this Text so plain? why so convincingly evident? and so easy to be understood? O that it were a Riddle yet, and hard to be apprehended: but we have all of us too sensible a Demonstration of this Truth, and we can say nothing for the clearing of it, which is not much inferiour to the Evidence which our common Disaster gives us thereof. Had I a golden Tongue, as that famous Bishop of old, or were I inspired with the Eloquence of Angels, yet should not I be able to
say

say any thing that would come near to the Clearness and Force of the sad Commentary which *the Breath of our Nostrils*, *He of whom we said, Many Nations shall rest under his Shadow*, hath given us upon it. I shall not need therefore to take so much care to explain the Words, as otherwise I should be obliged to do. The thing it self speaks; his Highness, though dead, speaks; yea cries, *All Flesh is Grass*.

All Flesh, that is, without any Exception. Men have many Advantages, and more especially these two, *Reason* and *Speech*, which distinguish them from all other living Creatures; but as for the *Flesh*, there is nothing very extraordinary in it: one of the most obscene and impure Beasts, the Swine, is very like Man, as to his inward Parts; and as to the outward, the most ill-favour'd and ridiculous of all Creatures expresseth him best. Our *Flesh* is of the same Substance and Form with the Creatures we feed upon. Wherefore, what is Man? but as an ancient Philosopher said, a little *Flegm* and *Gall* put together, that is to say, a Mixture of Water and Fire; or, if you will, of *Flesh* and *Blood*. Indeed Man, as to his Body, is nothing else but mere *Flesh* and *Blood*, altogether inclin'd to Corruption, and nothing but Frailty, according to the Hebrew Phrase; for when the Jews would speak with Contempt of a thing, that is of no Constancy or Solidity, they call it *Basbarvedam*, *Flesh* and *Blood*.

You must not imagine that our Prophet speaking here of *Flesh*, intends thereby *Sin only*, or the corrupt Nature of Man, as our Saviour does when he saith, *That which is born of the Flesh is Flesh*; for had this been his meaning, he would not have said, *All Flesh*, but restrained his Expression to the *Flesh* of Sinners. Therefore when he says, *All Flesh*, his meaning is, that all Men, the most godly and
right-

righteous not excepted, are subject to Death : All the Children of *Adam*, inasmuch as they are made up of Flesh and Blood, must return to their Original Dust as well as he.

But perhaps you will say, Of what avail is it then to us, that we are the Children of God, if we must inevitably submit to Death as well as other Men ? I answer ; the New Birth was not design'd to preserve us in the State wherein *Adam* was created, nor to restore us to it, because that was but a carnal and perishable Estate, but to exalt us to the glorious Condition of *the Second Adam*, who is *the Man from Heaven*, altogether spiritual and immortal. Indeed *Adam* in his State of Innocence was but Flesh and Blood ; for though he knew no Sin, yet was he liable to Sin, and consequently to Death, which is the Wages of it. *Flesh and Blood*, says *St. Paul*, *cannot inherit the Kingdom of God*. What think you doth the Apostle mean here by *Flesh and Blood* ? He doth not mean Sin, though what he saith be true of Sin too ; but in this place, as appears from the Context, is understood Humane Nature, consider'd in its Infirmities, though otherwise innocent and just, as subject to a continual Changeableness, to a troublesome Vicissitude of Eating and Drinking, of Labour and Rest, and to many other Drudgeries and Necessities of Life, because in this State it cannot subsist before God, no more than Wax before the burning Sun.

Furthermore ; if you ask me, Why it is that all *Flesh is Grass*, subject to Fading and Death ? I answer, because without Death we cannot inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. It was impossible even for *Adam*, all innocent and all just as he was, to be transported to Heaven without leaving his Flesh behind him, or without undergoing some Change, which might develt him of his natural Infir-

Infirmities, and endow him with Divine and Spiritual Qualities. And would you aspire to the Glory of this Kingdom, without putting off the old Rags of your corruptible Nature? Nothing that is defiled or impure shall ever enter into it; nor any thing that is of an earthy and corruptible Nature. Don't therefore ask me any more, why the Flesh, even of the Children of God, is as Grass, or why they must unavoidably die. There are two obvious Reasons for it, and such as you cannot be ignorant of: The first is, because of their Sin; the second, because of their Infirmary and Corruptibility.

The Angels were Sinners, but had no Flesh, and consequently were not subject to Mortality; *Adam* was mortal, as being made up of Flesh and Blood, but was no Sinner: nevertheless, neither the Angels, after they had sinn'd, nor *Adam* who had never sinn'd, could ever bear the Presence of God. The Sinfulness of the Fallen Angels could not bear his Justice; and the infirm and corruptible Nature of Man could not bear the Glory of his Divine Majesty: and we who are both infirm Mortals and Sinners, how could we appear before his Supreme Justice, or endure his transcendent Glory, without being struck down to the Ground, without being overfet and swallowed up by them? Our Bodies therefore must by Death be cast into the Grave, as into a Melting-pot, to be melted down, and to be cast a-new. Death is the true Purgatory; here the Saints are refined, here they put off all the Remains of Corruption, by quitting the cast Skin of the Old Man, and all the Infirmities of their Flesh. But the Prophet here cries out, *All Flesh*, without confining himself either to the Flesh of Sin, or to the Flesh of Weakness and Corruptibility:

All Flesh, all that we see, all that charms and flatters our Senses, all those painted Delusions, all those gay Colours and pleasant Pictures; yea, the whole World, with all that is in it, is all but *Flesh*, and all *Flesh is as Grass*.

Men being sensible that their *Flesh* must return to the Earth, whence it was taken, endeavour at least to preserve the Memory of it by dead but durable Representations, such as Pictures, Statues, Triumphal Arches, &c. But there is no Matter, no Industry that is of Proof against the devouring Teeth of Time, the secret Force of that powerful Corrosive wastes by degrees, and defaces, sooner or later, Colossus's, Pyramids and Mausoleums: Marble and Brass indeed last longer than our Bodies, yet in process of Time they crumble away, and thereby demonstrate they were but *Flesh* and Corruption, Dust and Ashes. All the tempting Objects you gaze and dote upon, with so much Wonder and Love, are but Apples of *Sodom*, fair and tempting to the Eye, but worm-eaten and rotten within. The Colour that shines outwardly is gay and ravishing; but all this Paint covers nothing but Dust and Ashes, and still at the bottom all is but *Grass*, which is green and flourishing for a while, but soon after turns to Hay, dry'd, faded and dead, without any Colour, Strength or Virtue. O *Earth, Earth, Earth*, hear the Word of the Lord, cries the Prophet *Jeremy*: In which Exclamation he intends Man, who is thrice *Earth*, because he was made of *Earth*, because he feeds on *Earth*, and because having lingred and crept for a time upon it, at last returns into the Belly of the *Earth*, our common Mother.

Jer. 22. 29.

The Condition of Man is much the same with those Plants shall I call them, or living Creatures, call'd *Plantanimals*, which being fastned by the Belly to the Earth, brouze and eat up all the Grass they find within their reach, and then die for lack of Nourishment. But it may be some will say, that this may pass for Truth, in reference to the common sort of People, and the Scum of Men; but that the Heroes, the Monarchs, the Conquerors of Nations, the Thunder-bolts of War, have something that raises them above those vulgar and creeping Souls. Our Prophet, in some respect, seems to agree to this, for he puts some Difference between a poor and a rich Man, between a Subject and a Prince: But alas! what Difference is it? Why, such as there is between green Grass and a fine Flower, which by its lively and lustrous Colour, shines like a Star in a Medow; for so the ancient Poets, by a witty Metaphor, called Flowers, the Stars of the Earth. The Societies of Men are not without their Stars; but these Stars fall and become extinguish'd: nor without their Lillies and Roses, but these Roses have their Prickles, and these Lillies are as short-liv'd as they are sweet and pleasant. The Lillies of the Field outvie *Solomon* in all his Glory; but for all this are still but poor fading Flowers, more gay and beautiful indeed, but not less perishing than others. The tall Cedar, as well as the Hyssop that grows on the Wall, the Flowers as well as the Grass of the Field, all fade, and all perish. And this is the Reason why our Prophet, after that he had said, *All Flesh is Grass*, adds, *And all the Glory thereof is as the Flower of the Field.*

He understands, by the *Glory thereof*, its Lustre and Beauty, its Grace and Splendor, its Strength and Vi-

gour, its Gayety and Pomp, whatsoever in it is most sweet, pleasing and ravishing : In a word, all that dazzling Pomp and Show, which the Prince of Darkness display'd before the Eyes of the Prince of Life ; all the Kingdoms of the Earth, with all their Glory.

The word *Glory*, according to the Stile of the Jews, comprehends the three capital good things wherein Men generally place their Blifs and Happiness, to wit, *Profit, Honour and Pleasure* ; for these are the three Demons that possess all Men : *Covetousness, Ambition and Voluptuousness*, divide all Mankind, and are the Trinity the World so much adores. The word *Glory* takes in all these three ; it signifies *Riches* in that Expression of *Laban's Children concerning Jacob, Of that which was our Fathers, hath he gotten all his Glory* : It is taken for *Honours*, as when St. Jude calls Princes and Magistrates *δοξαι, Glories*, which we translate *Dignities* : And for *Pleasures*, where mention is made of *the Glory of Solomon's Court*, that is, its Bravery, Pleasures and Delights. Whence it is that we read in the New Testament of *Riches of Glory*, of a *Crown of Glory*, and of a *Joy unalterable and full of Glory*. And therefore this Word has been singled out to express the full Enjoyment of all good things in the Life to come, because there we shall have wherewith to give plenary Satisfaction to all our Wishes, *Treasures, Pleasures and Honours*, without Stint or Bound in their Nature, Measure or Duration.

So that we are to understand by the *Glory of the Flesh*, the condition of a Man who wants nothing, neither Riches, nor Pleasures, nor Honours. Take, saith our Prophet, *Flesh* in the fullest Enjoyment and Plenty of all things, in the most flourishing Gayety, Pomp, Splendor

dor and Lustre, at the very top of Honour ; yea, though upon a Throne, though abounding with immense Riches, though having his Enemies lying at his Feet, and being Master of the whole World ; yet in the midst of all these Joys, Elevations and Triumph, he will be liable to that damping Thought, But for all this thou art mortal, and all this must end in Death. All this Pomp and Triumph is but of one Day ; 'tis but a Flower of the Field ; and this Flower is an Herb, which though blown and flourishing, yet is still but an Herb ; and all the Glory and Goodliness thereof nothing but *Flesh* well painted and trimly deck'd indeed ; yet, for all that, at the bottom nothing but *Flesh*.

A Flower is no less fading, perishing, nor less subject to be trod under foot, or to be scorch'd and withered by the Sun, than the Grass is : As they grow in the same Field, they are liable to be cut down with the Edge of the same Sithe or Sickle. When the Harvest is come, Death spares none, singles out none, but mows down all with his dreadful Sithe, Rich and Poor, Nobles and Commons, Bond and Free, Grass and Flowers, without making any Distinction at all. *But the Word of our God shall stand for ever.*

You expected probably that the Prophet would have opposed *Flesh* to Spirit, and the Body to the Soul, and that he would have express'd himself to this purpose ; All *Flesh* is as Grass, but the Mind of Man is a Divine Flame, and Celestial Light, which can never be extinguish'd, and his Soul is immortal. But no such thing : there is nothing, saith he, but the Word of God that is Eternal ; if the Soul of Man be not born again of the incorruptible Seed of this Word, don't flatter it with lying Titles, don't call it immortal after that
the

the Judg of the World hath pronounc'd this unerring and irrevocable Sentence, *The Soul that sins, it shall die.* This is the Stile of the Prophets, not of the Philosophers: these indeed take great Pains to evince by Arguments the Immortality of the Soul, but the former teach us that Souls die an Eternal Death, when the Word of the Lord is not found rooted and ingrafted in them. This is the only Principle of Life and Immortality, without which the Soul's Immortality will only serve to plunge it into a Death; nay, into a thousand cruel Deaths, and that eternally. The Immortality of the Soul consists only in its Holiness and Conformity to God.

But consider we further, the Opposition the Prophet makes here of the Word of God to all the Glory of the World. This latter cannot, with all the Efforts of her Vanity, so much as make one Flower, nor the least Spire of Grass; whereas the Word of God hath made all things, and still supports and upholds all it hath made, even the whole Universe. The Glory of the World sheds and shews all its Lustre, all its Force on the Surface of things: if you pry beyond that, the Inside is nothing but Misery, nothing but Frailty: The Word of God, on the contrary, carries its Treasure in an Earthen Vessel; outwardly to look upon it, nothing seems more weak, nothing more contemptible; 'tis a Voice crying in the Wilderness, 'tis a Man that speaks, a poor Mortal; it seems but a beating of the Air, a Sound which the Wind carries away as fast as it is uttered. And yet by this weak Instrument, by the Foolishness of Preaching, God brings forth his Wonders, gaining the Heart by the Ear, and converting it to himself, and planting in it by his Spirit, the
sacred

sacred Sprig of Eternal Life. *The Words that I speak, they are Spirit, they are Life. The Heavens and Earth shall pass away, but my Word shall never pass away.*

And thus have I, as briefly as I could, consider'd my *Text*. I shall now, in the next place, apply it to the present occasion. *The Voice saith, Cry: but to whom shall I cry? To thee O Lord? but thou art offended: To the Angels and Saints? but they cannot hear me: To the Thrones of the Earth? * but they are cast down: To our Prince? but he can no longer hear; and yet he speaks: I will therefore repeat his Voice to thy People, and cry, All Flesh is Grass.*

* King Charles had been beheaded two Years before.

Here is a Voice that cries, *O my Son!* another, *O my Husband!* and others, *my Brother!* and another would cry, † if he could, *O my Father!* So many other Voices cry, *my Fortune and Well-being:* The whole Church hath mourned, and all *Europe* hath lamented. But all the Voices that compose the several Notes of this mournful Harmony, do all accord and concenter in this Chorus, that *all Flesh is Grass, and all the Glory thereof as the Flower of the Field.*

† The Princess was then big with Child of this our King.

Imagine his Highness, by a Miracle, standing again upon his Feet in this Place, where he has so often appeared, and where he did so often display the Beams of his Light, and of his Joy, and crying in this Assembly; who would not be moved at it, who would not be touch'd at the bottom of their Hearts? But there is no need of all this, when without standing, without walking, stark dead, and without Motion, as he is, he ceaseth not to cry out. Yea, his very being without Motion is that which speaketh loudest to us, and proclaims, as by a Voice from Heaven, that the empty Scheme and

Fashion

Fashion of this World passeth away, and we our selves together with it. The Throne leaves some, and others leave it; and as there is but one Kingdom that cannot be shaken in the Heavens, so neither is there any more than one God who is the immortal King of Ages.

The Voice of our dead Prince therefore cries, Don't weep for me, but weep for your selves; consider your own case, O Mortals! I shall come no more where you are, but you shall come where I am: And why are you afraid to come up hither? You are surrounded with a World that is involv'd and plung'd in Sin and Evil, and yet you are not willing to go out of it; and you have over your Heads a glorious Heaven, and yet are unwilling to ascend thither. From this lofty Mansion, whither I am got, I behold your great Multitudes of People as so many busy Ants, the World as a Shadow, and the Earth as a Point. I am here above your Enemies and Miseries, above your Fears and Hopes, above your Covetousness and Revenge, out of the reach of Calumnies and Ingratitude, and all those many Passions which divide all the Spaces of your Lives. I am here crowned with an incorruptible Diadem, seated upon a Throne that cannot be shaken, in the Bosom of God my Father, in the Company of Angels and Saints, and amongst my triumphant Forefathers. Prepare your selves therefore, and make ready to follow me; You who were ready and willing to follow me in the hottest and most dangerous Places of the Field, can you not resolve to follow me to this Abode of Glory, to this Place of Triumph?

You who have this Opportunity to hear him crying and recommending things of this Importance, improve
and

and make good Use of this Voice of your dead Master ; let him be this Day your Master in a new Sense : and you that formerly were his Servants, become now his Disciples ; for certainly we shall never receive a more pressing Advertisement from Heaven, or that can fix in our Souls more sharp Goads to spur us to a Contempt of this World.

This same Voice addresseth it self to all the Principalities and Powers that God hath raised to a Throne ; the Voice from Heaven cries, *I have said ye are Gods, but ye shall die like Men.* The Principalities and Powers of Heaven, which are the Angels, die not, because they are not clothed with Flesh ; *but it is appointed to all Men once to die*, I say once only ; for the Word of God shall rescue us from Death, and shall make us to live again eternally with the Angels.

The second Voice is, that of a young Prince, whom Death hath cropp'd when he was but beginning to blossom, and to shoot the first Buds of an extraordinary Vertue at the Age of Twenty four. Alas ! why was this young Hero so soon snatch'd from us ? because, though young in Years, yet upon many Accounts he was ripe, not with reference to what he would have been had he liv'd longer, but to what others are at that Age, which is but the first quarter of Man's Life. O what Difference is there between twenty four and fourscore, which is the term of Life the Prophet allots to the strongest Men. O had it pleased God to have preserv'd him till that term ! how well would he have answered his Name ? Posterity reading his great Acts, would have demanded whether it were the Father, or the Son, or this our good Prince. But considering the Shortness of his Life, we may truly
C
say,

say, our rare, our wonderful Prince, had not his Peer in our Days.

And being thus in his first Dawning, what Beams, what a Glory might not we justly have expected from his High-noon! His Spring having shew'd so fair and pompous, what Fruits, what Advantages should not we have reap'd from his Autumn. But then he could not have cried, as he does now, *All Flesh is Grass, and all the Glory thereof as the Flower of the Field.*

After this who can warrant you that you shall be alive to morrow? You'll say, why my Youth, my hail Constitution, my Vigour and Strength. But, say I, was there ever any thing more gay, more lively, more blooming than his Royal Highness was, full of good Blood, and a quick Fire: He was all Action, and all Life; he was like *Jonathan*, swift like an Eagle, strong as a Lion; but yet neither the one nor the other could deliver him. Go to now, vain Mortals, and sacrifice to your Muscles, and admire your Agility; as if Men of strong and Athletick Constitutions had an Exemption from Death; and as if Glass that is new blown, was not as brittle as that which was made long before.

The third Voice is that of a *Great Prince*; for Princes, like Stars, are some of them of the first Magnitude, some of the second, &c. they are all of them Great indeed, but not all Equal, for one excels the other in Glory. There be many Princes that are of a sweet and good Temper, who yet are neither good nor great Princes, because they want the Princely Vertues that are so necessary to the Good of their Subjects. But as for our Prince, Is there any of those that knew him, dares say, that he was not of the highest Elevation, and
of

of the greatest Magnitude? Alas! had he liv'd longer, what signal Proofs would he have given of it. From the Rock whence he was hewn, could proceed nothing but what was great on either side. God had favour'd him with lofty Heroical Motions, worthy of, and well becoming that Princely Spirit mention'd by the Prophet, Gifts very rare in our Age: But yet *the Voice cries*, notwithstanding all this Greatness and Excellency, *he is dead*, vanish'd and gone, and faded away like the Flower of the Field. Worship God therefore, both great and small; and knowing that there is no Greatness can stand before him, without stooping to his Power, cast down your Crowns at the Foot of his Throne, and do him Obeisance.

The fourth Voice is that of *our Prince*, the most sweet Voice, and yet the most bitter of all the rest, and which properly is address'd to us: The World laments him, but it is we have lost him: Others bewail him, but alas we are deprived of him! and yet I know not by what Effect of a fatal Stupidity, we whom it concerns most, grieve less for him than they do. God grant I be not the Prophet of your Disaster; but whatever we may think, God never withdraws such great Lights out of the World, but at the Approach of some black Tempest, which will certainly overtake us, *if to day that we hear his Voice we harden our Hearts*. If we prove insensible of this terrible Stroke God hath discharg'd on our Heads, he'll strike the whole Body. He hath made a dreadful Step, but don't think he will stop there: for, *behold he comes in these dark Clouds, and every Eye shall see him*. If we will not be sensible of the Thunder he hath levell'd at our Heads, he'll lift up his Rod of Iron, and break

Arms and Limbs; and, together with the Head of Gold, will beat to pieces the Members of Silver, Brass and Iron, *and make them become like the Chaff of the Summer-threshing Floors, which the Wind carries away, so that no Place shall be found for them.*

* The Prince died of the Small-Pox.

Death hath taken away our Prince, but something worse than Death may take away our Provinces: His Magazine is not exhausted, nor his Stores drawn dry, he hath other Darts to shoot besides * the small Pox; he will send his *pale, black and red Horse*, Plague, War and Famine, that shall reap your Provinces, and avenge the Contempt of his Name: and if God hath spar'd you till now, if you be the last that shall drink of his Cup, which hath gone round the Nations, assure your selves, unless you prevent it by a timely Repentance, you shall drink the very Dregs and Bottom of it.

Can you think that those on whom the Tower of *Silloom* fell in our Days, were worse than you are, who make no other Return for his most signal Benefits, but that of Ingratitude, and who turn his Visitations and Judgments into Plays and Pasquils! How greatly do you please the Devil and his Instruments by this your Behaviour? How do you double your Enemies Joys? and as if they had not sufficient Cause of Triumph from our Disaster, we afford them new Occasions from our Ingratitude and Stupidity. We would willingly cry nothing but Blessing; but alas! what good Prefage can we draw from seeing many of us of the same Mind, and entertaining the same Wishes with our Adversaries? Surely a most unhappy Sign it is to see us seconding the Desires of our Enemies, and unsensible of a Loss which is likely to prove the occasion of our utter Ruine.

Who

Who is able to conceive or expresse the Desolation to which that House is reduc'd, which formerly shone with the Lustre of so many glorious Lights? When these Dominions lost their *Maurice*, they presently lighted upon *Frederick Henry*, his most worthy Brother and Successor; and when he was withdrawn too, you well remember how they immediately thereupon embraced Prince *William* his most worthy Son, who then wiped the Tears from your Eyes; and, like a beautiful rising Sun, dispell'd the Darkness and Shadows of your Night: but instead thereof, at present, he draws Tears from your Eyes, and leaves behind him, as it were, a Sun set, without the Hopes of a Return, the very Shadow of Death, which is the Night of Life.

Not that he will want worthy Successors, for the Blood of *Nassau* is not extinct in his Veins; there are other Branches left still, only there is never a Brother, never a Son as formerly, that yet appears in the World: We have no more in our Eyes, a Light like to those two twin Stars called *Castor* and *Pollux*, whereof the one no sooner sets, but the other riseth, and calms the Storm by a pleasing Vicissitude: We shall see no more a Phenix to be born of his Ashes, an only Son appear upon the Throne, immediately after the Death of a Father, who seem'd the only Glory of the World, and who yet would not have been so, had his Son liv'd longer: " But there is a Budcover'd under the Earth, which, e're long, will shoot up
" like a Sprig from a dry Ground, which shall make his
" Name and our Hope to grow green and flourish again.
God grant it, God bring it to pass, God be pleas'd to kindle again the Lamp of his Anointed, and cause our *Lebanon* to flourish.

Though

Though I cannot but own that these are things at a distance, and very uncertain, very uncertain for the Event, and very remote as to their Enjoyment: for will it not be a Miracle of God, if the sacred Fruit should be preserv'd in so furious a Storm, in the midst of such rude Shakings, and such terrible Convulsions; and after all, how many Years must pass over our Heads before he be ripe, or capable of representing to us his Father, his Grand-father, or Great Grand-father, or all three of them together? but yet so he does but come, we shall say, *Tandem fit Surculus Arbor*, the Sprig will at length come to be a Tree; and our Wishes and Blessings shall haste forwards his Age and Vertue; so that we shall see him grow to the very Eye in Authority over Men, and Favour with God: for why may we not promise ourselves from the Son, what we have seen in the Person of the Father? I call him Father, alas all trembling, in the Stile of a Prophet, who as yet hath never a Child; and I call him Son, who, it may be, will not be at all; or, it may be, not a Son; and who, for certain, will not see his Father, save at the Resurrection. But we, we I say, have seen him antedating his Years, and anticipating our Expectations by Heroical, advanc'd and mature Motions; and in his first Season, shewing in his Discourses all the Prudence and Sagacity of consummated old Age.

Those who have seen him in Business and in Council, have reason to know it better than we; and I take them to witness, whether they have not a thousand times admir'd the Gravity of his Youth, the Sweetness of his Fire, the Severity of his Joy, the Heat that animated him; and, on the other hand, the Prudence that restrain'd him. Even those themselves who never saw him but at ordinary Audiences, and in private Converse, cannot
be

be ignorant neither of the Authority that his Eyes shed on his Discourse, nor of the Grace that was poured forth on his Lips, nor of the Solidity of his Judgment, which he made appear every where to be well worthy of a four-score Years Experience. In a word, such he was, that if a Stranger should have chanc'd at first to have seen him without his blew Ribbon, in a common Dress, amongst a Crowd of Gentlemen, where he had only pronounced three Words, he must have been stupid, not to have presently said, That is the Prince.

Even those very Persons who could not love, yet did admire him. When I speak of those who did not love him, I do not mean any Person in the midst of us, for I cannot conceive any one amongst us to be so great a Traitor to his Country, as not to love the Head and Prince which God had set over them. I speak of Strangers: Do I say Strangers, when it is apparent that Strangers loved him as well as we; I mean his and our Enemies, who are equally sworn Enemies of our Religion and his Illustrious Family. They consider'd him as a Head fatal to their Tyranny; the only, but universal Heir of that Name and Vertue, which has so often shook the Foundations of their Escorial. O how many secret Bonfires will they kindle in their Hearts! Can you question their chanting an inward *Te Deum*? They had nothing so precious where-with they would not have been willing to purchase this piece of News. What would not they have given for the Advantage this Death hath cast in upon them?

Boast no more of your Trophies, nor so many Victories you have gained over them: Would to God *Breda* or *Mastricht* were still in their Hands, so we had but our Prince, who was of more Value to you than a whole Kingdom. We have now great reason to own that there is nothing so low,

low, nothing so high, which is not levell'd by Death: You had the upper Hand both in War and Peace, and that in a glorious manner, over your Enemies: You were their Masters, but this Death hath set you upon even Ground, and hath made them quit with you. When you shall begin to reckon up your Triumphs, your conquer'd Places, the Battels you have won, they will answer and dash this with a *You have no more your Prince of Orange*. This only Word will be sufficient to comfort all their Disgraces, and to damp and mortify all your Joy and Glory.

This Death alone may make you think that Peace advantageous, which you had so much Difficulty to accept of. But what would have become of you, had your good Prince left you either before or during the Treaty of Peace? You would not have had so good Conditions from them, who have yielded you so much, yet had yielded nothing but for fear of his rising Glory. In this case they would have been so far from owning you a Free People, that they would have still treated you as Rebels; they would have redemanded your Conquests, and you would have been fain calmly to yield them up; and whatsoever they have offer'd, the same they would have exacted of you: Yea, here I dare assert something, which though it will not seem probable at first sight, yet will be found very true in the Sense I mean it. This Prince has been the Prince of your Peace; not that he wish'd for it, as a weak and pusillanimous Prince might have done, his martial Humour could never suffer him to be weary of the War, if he had not prefer'd the Publick Peace to his own Inclinations, which were all upon the wing for Glory, but because the Apprehensions which the Blood of *Nassau* working and beating in his Veins, gave his Enemies, was the charming *Caduceum* that made them so compliant.

The

The Father carry'd on the War, and the Son made the Peace; the Father made you Victorious in the former, and the Son made you Arbitrator of the latter. The Father had carry'd the Terror of his Arms into the heart of *Spain*; but he being no more, 'tis to his Son, in whom they saw him reviv'd, and from whom they feared all that they had so lately suffer'd, to which you owe, if not the Peace, at least the Advantages of it: For who could have thought they would ever have stooped to such Disadvantageous Conditions? And as he had procur'd it, so he likewise preserv'd and maintain'd it; nor was there any fear your Enemies would ever break it, as long as this young Lyon was the Keeper of your fair Provinces; so deep an impressi'on had his Roaring already made upon their Spirits.

How exceeding would have been your Joy, how great your Security, to have seen at the Head of your Armies, the Son and Grand-Son of your Illustrious Defenders, like a young *Cæsar*, covering your Fields with the dead Bodies of your Tyrants, and his Hereditary Enemies, dying your Channels with their Blood, thundering, crushing, and breaking to pieces and shivers, whatsoever made the least Pause in accepting his Yoak, or the least Shew of opposing it self to his Shock. You could not expect any thing less from that Great Heart, wherewith God had endow'd him, which was always in Action, and in a perpetual and rapid Motion as that of the Sun and the Heavens.

We do not say this to flatter him, or to please him; were he still in the World, we should not say it; but what is there left for us to praise, if it be

D

not

not lawful for us to praise a Prince after his Death: In the Blessed State to which he is arrived amongst the Saints and Angels, and his Triumphant Ancestors, cover'd with a thousand Lawrels, crown'd with a Diadem incorruptible; as he dispenceth no Favours, so he wants none of our Praises: We speak it only to satisfie Truth, and to awaken the drowsie senses of some, who without any bad intention, but by a too great Concern for their Business and Petty Interests, will shake their heads, and say, *Well, God will raise us up another, all this will still be for the best, and be a means of Uniting us more together*: And God grant you may be more United, for sure it is that He can make you so, without any Means, and without that Prince, who was the Cement of your Union, the Captain of your Armies, the Terror of your Enemies, and the Tutelar Angel of your Dominions. But still we must own, that this is ill spoken; for if we do not feel the strokes God discharged on our heads, what is it we shall feel then? And if Crowns fell'd to the ground, do not make us afraid, we have reason to believe He will not stop there. But to proceed:

We have just Cause to bemoan the Princess, because she is a Mother, who has lost her only Son, her Joy, and her Crown, the Fruit of her Education, and the Living Pourtraiture of her Vertues: But his other Mother, I mean the Church of God, must be the Principal Object of our Mourning; for She indeed hath lost more than we do imagine, but shall know it one day; henceforward we shall see the Numbers of those Idolaters encreased, which swarm in our days, and shall find a Sluce opened to the Licen-

Licentiousness of Sects and Fanatical Opinions. We don't make a Saint or Demi-God of him, tho it be notorious that Old *Rome* hath Deified, and New *Rome* Canoniz'd such as did not reach him for Worth. The Sun it self hath its Spots, neither was he without the Faults of Great Princes; but he had acknowledg'd, condemn'd, and amended them; and should we go about to compare him with the Princes of our Time, it would be an easie thing to prove, That our good Prince at the Age of Twenty Four, had not his Fellow in our days: And this being so, we must say our Rare, nay, our Admirable Prince.

We will not enter upon Comparisons, but only say, That we mostly extol Princes for their easiness of Access, Bounty, sweetness of Temper and Affability, which indeed in themselves are very commendable Virtues, but not the Virtues of Princes; they are good, but for what? For any thing but Government: That Princely Spirit, those Heroical Elevations, and those Great and Generous Thoughts, have not many Examples in our Age: Thus much we can Avert, That ours had so much of them, as engaged him to love the Church of God, and to hate those with a perfect Hatred, that troubled its Repose, or corrupted its Purity. We have this of certain knowledge, That he would never have been a Favourer of Error or Faction: And is not this a Good of inestimable Value? *Sion* hath lost the fairest of her Ornaments, and the most precious of her Pillars; *the Breath of our Nostrils, he of whom we said, we shall rest under his shadow*: The Whole Body of our Churches will feel this Blow, and put on Mourning for this our Prince. Our Churches in *France*, were

not so confin'd, but that they look'd upon our Prince with Joy, as being one of theirs, and doubt not but they are more sensible of this Stroke than we are.

But all Words fail us when we come to cast our eyes upon the desolate young Princess, *young*, a *Widow* and *with Child*, and sooner a Widow than a Mother; how many Swords have pierc'd her Soul? How many Calamities have beaten upon her, like so many crowding Waves one upon the back of another? What Deeps hath she seen rowling over her, and ready to swallow her! Which way would you have her turn her self? To the Continent? They are not concern'd at it: To the Isles? She there sees her Shipwrack round about her, she there perceives nothing but a black Image of Death and Despair: She has nothing to direct her eyes to, but to Heaven; for she can never so little cast her eyes down to the Earth, but she finds her self obliged to groan for horror and sorrow of heart; a Mother in Banishment, a Brother in Trouble, a Father upon the Scaffold, and to fill the Measure brimfull, a Husband in a Coffin. Let us draw a Curtain before, as *Timantes* of Old did, for this Sorrow admits no Colours. But do we think the Prince left *One* Onely Widow? He had indeed Married but one Wife, and yet hath left Eight Widows behind him. The Seven Provinces will accompany his Royal and Desolate Spouse, all in Tears, and cover'd with the same Mourning Albes.

Let us all therefore smite upon our breasts, and say with *Jehoshaphat*; O Lord our God, we know not what to do, but our eyes are towards thee: 'Tis thou who loosest the Bells of Kings, and who bringest down from the Throne into the Dust. 'Tis thou who hast their hearts.

hearts in thy hand, and putst thy breath into their Nostrils. 'Tis thou who saidst to Princes, I have said ye are Gods, but ye shall dye like men. We acknowledge before thee, that our sins have drawn down thy Judgments upon us, and that thou hast justly suffered the Crown to fall from our heads, because we have trod thy Commandments under our feet. 'Tis true, O Lord, that we have too much trusted in that Arm, which we now experience was but an Arm of flesh, instead of having our eye to that great Arm of Heaven, which hath supported us, and can still support us, as well as it upholds the Earth without any other prop or stay.

True it is, we have too much sacrificed to our nets, and sitting down under the shadow of our own Power, have not sought as we ought, our safety under the covert of thy wings. Wherefore also thou hast snatch'd him away from us, woe unto us that we have sinned! But in the midst of thy wrath, O Lord remember mercy. Look down with pity, and spare a House, which of so long a time hath been the Ornament and Stay of thine, the goodliest part of thine Inheritance, the refuge of thy Ark, and the Tabernacle of thy Glory.

Raise to thy Servant a just seed, that may rebuild thy Temple. Thou who art the Prince of Life, who holdest in thy hands the issues of Life and Death, open to him the Gates of Life; preserve this Royal Slip, as of old thou didst Moses in an Ark of Bulrushes beaten with the winds, and at the mercy of the Waves; comfort the Widow big with Child, strengthen her heart in this hard Tryal to which thou hast been pleased to reduce her; open the eyes, and bless the endeavours of our Magistrates, and grant that in this great Eclipse, we may by the compass of their prudent and steady Conduct, meet with the Remedy of our Evils.

Vouch-

Vouchsafe to us all, the Grace to despise the hollow empty Figure of this World, and all its illusions, the Flesh with all its Glory, that from henceforth we may place our Hopes in thee alone, who art the great Prince of our Salvation.

O Holy and Wise Ruler of the World, govern us by the Sceptre of thy Word, and of thy Holy Truth, till Princes and Provinces, Magistrates and People, Pastors and Flocks, being gathered together in thy Heavenly Jerusalem, there to enjoy the glorious Liberty of thy Son, may Eternally Ascribe to thee, Honour, Power and Blessing, &c.

FINIS.



